



T H E
B E E.

A new Song

Sung in the Public Gardens

A Busy humble Bee am I,
That range the garden funny,
From flower to flower I changing fly,
And every flower's my honey.
Bright Chloe with her golden hair,
A while my rich Jonquil is,
'Till cloy'd with sipping Nectar there,
I shift to rosy Phillis.
I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast,
Remains not long my station ;
For Kitty now must be addrest,
My pretty spic'd Carnation :
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I'd leave,
To other flowers I'm rover ;
And all in turns my love receive,
The gay wide garden over.
The gay, &c.]

Variety that knows no bounds,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges.
For as I am an errant B E E.
Who range each bank that's funny,
Both fields and gardens are my fee,
And every flower my honey,
And every, &c.

